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ELEGIE

On the much to be Lamented Death of the Worthy
UMPHREY MILNE
Watch-Maker, Burgess of the Metropolitan CITY of
SCOTLAND

Who Departed this Life, November, the 18th. 1695.

IN Gloomie Shades of darksome Night, where *Phæbus* hides his Head,
I heard an Echo cry aloud, that *Umphrey Milne* was dead ;
My stupid Senses rose aloft, and wackned with a Cry,
Let *Pegasus* the Muses Horse, go through the Air, and fly
To tell the Ends of all the Earth, that he has lost his Bréath :
The Highest Powers, lookt from Above, thought him to Good for Earth,
O ! Monstruous Dearh, and Bloody Foe, thou Enemy of Man !
Thou's barbled all thy Arrows great, from Earth now has him tane,
That was a Credit to this Land, known by all of great Note,
Though he was born an *English* Man, he was a Real SCOT.
He coost a Copy to all Men, who ever shall succeed,
He teacht Brave Men his Noble Art, did not eat Iddle Bread :
Many may Lament full sore, that he is dead and gone,
Beside his Wife, and dearest Friends, the Poor will him Bemoan,
Death with his fearful bloody Syth, has cutt this Sedar down,
But he has left his Art behind, even to his great Renown ;
His Name will blosome in the Dust, his Actions were fo Good,
He was so kind to Poor and Rich, and still he feared GOD ;
He was belov'd of every one, and namely by the Common,
Though he was call'd *EPISCOPAL*, be sure he was no *Roman*,
He wore a Badg of Secrefie, and well did know its worth ;
There was a motto upon it, and that was called Truth ;
None dare but Venerat his Name, Pious Good and Kind ;
He's gone from Earth to Heavens Glore, left not his match behind.
My Quill cannot Describe him right, the Truth of this I know :
For any thing that I can guess, there's few like him below.
I will not name his Parentage : His Breeding, nor his Birth :
But he that runs, may read his Life, he was a Man of Worth ;
He valued not this Eath below, although he had it *satis*,
He Lov'd to lay his Stock above, and now he is *Beatis*.
He's left this Region here below, that is with troubles crost,
And gone where he'll get leave to sing, *Glore to the HOLY GHOST* :
Since none can well Describe his Worth, that in this Land doth dwell,
He'll waken at the Trumpit's blow, and answer for himself.

EPITAPH.

*Here lyes a Man, both Good and Rare,
That for his Art none could Compare.*

J. D.